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¶ The notable hystorie
of two famous Princes
of the worlde, Astianax and
Polixena: wherein is set forth
the cursed treason of Caulcas.

Very pleasaunt & de-
lectable to reade.



Gathered in English verse by
Iohn Partridge, in the
yearc. 1566.

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Basset: and are to be solde at hys
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1911

THE PRÆFACE.

Consider well and weygh,
What castles, towres and townes,
What realmes, what things by cruell
haue lost their royall crownes. (Mars,
The force of warre eche man,
hath felt, this well I knowe:
If euer he in Martiall seates,
did any time bestowe.
Howe many headlesse men,
what townes destroyed be:
If stories olde thou do resolue,
there playnely mayst thou see.
This storie I therefore,
in English haue translate:
Bycause thereby thou mayst perceyue,
of warre the cruell fate.
Howe Mars with bloudy sworde,
doth raunge when victorie:
Shal ope his gates, and let him in,
to haue the maysterie.
What Princes blond is spilt,
of captiues wofull case:
And how that traytours vse their sleighths
their Princes to deface.

To the Reader.

Loe here thou shalt it see,
by Caulcas traptour olde :
Which to the Greekes a Princes childe,
by trayterie hath solde.
I haue in time heard say,
how men that did delight :
To reade olde testes of battayles olde,
did much desire the sight,
Of bookes that did increase,
of Hectors courage stoute :
How in the midst of all the Greekes,
with ballant heart he fought.
Loe here thou mayst perceiue,
in Hectors little sonne :
The courage of his father olde,
and what he oft hath done.
Buy therefore and it reade,
the price of it is small :
If ought there be in it amisse,
amend it soone I shall.
Thus I take here my leaue,
requiring this of thee :
That thou accept here my good will,
though rude the verses be.

The

The hystorie of two of the
most noble Princes of the world
Aslanax & Polixena

When Troie to Troianes were inclosde,
by mighty armies stayne:
And weery Greekes forsoke that lande,
retourning home agayne.
By their deuise a monster huge,
was left in Troian ground:
A playne disceypte them to destroy,
as afterwarde they found.
A hoyle of wood, in which there was,
of armed men great stoye;
Vlisses and the offspring of,
the huge and bristled boye.
When that these knights in armor bright
inclosed were therein:
To Tenedos not farre from thence,
to goe they doe begin.
A place in sight of Troian lande,
where men them might not see;
Bycause of mistes which caused were,
vnto the Skies to fle.

A. iij.

These

The hystorie of
These Gretians there themselves did hide,
and Phrygians did beginne:
By force of men, the ingine great,
to hale and plucke it in.
With minstrels and with trumpets eke,
and feast this night they make:
And fearing noight that might ensue,
their quiet restes they take.
When halfe the night was spent in slepe,
at Troie the Greekes arriue:
Then those that in the ingine were,
their fiers forth do vntie.
To top of towre these fiers they fletwe,
the houses eke belowe:
And what within the ingine was,
the Gretians playne do shoue.
Then strayght the Troianes all in heapes,
vnto the court doe flie:
And eke the rowte of Gretians floute,
Æneas doth desie.
And sekes with manly courage flout,
the Greekes for to restrayne:
But out alas, his noble heart,
did trauayle all in vayne.

Astianax & Polixena.

For more and more the Greekes did yet,
their number multiplie:
That succour ought to Troie should come,
the Gods did playne denie.
And cruell fates that were perners,
to Troianes as I deeme:
The Troian towne olde Illyon,
did nought at all esteeme.
And when that once Neptunes hand,
the walles at will to beate:
And cruell Iuno in the tople.
did labour till she sweate.
And all the Gretian Gods at once,
doe giue them to the spoyle:
Both Iuppiter and cruell Mars,
Lientenant of the hoyle.
There men might see the Troian walles,
turnde topsie turvie doونه:
And at this breach the Gretians kepe,
to enter in the towne.
Here nowe they winne the victorie,
and there to ground they fall:
And some vnto the temples ruine,
vpon the Gods to call,

The hystorie of
For ayde and helpe, but all in vayne,
the towne is quite destroyde :
And for the spoyle their labour all,
is duely now employed.
There Priamus the ancient King,
by Pyrrus hande is slayne :
And here the Greekes the castle strong,
indenour to obtayne.
The towne once wonne, then all in haste,
they runne to take the spoyle :
And here and there the Troianes doe,
of Gretians take the spoyle.
At length the towne is put to sacke,
and all as dead doth lie :
And then the Greekes do straight prepare,
to Greece agayne to hie.
And Agamemnon generall,
doth part the spoyle and gayne :
And eke the captiues they doe seeke,
to Greece with them to trayne.
While all these things in Troian lande,
were thus commit and done :
Dauphebus in the Zodiacke,
had more than halfe outtyme.

And

Astianax & Polixena.

And running now another way,
did call for winter dayes:
To which time mighty Aeolus,
nought of his power decays.
Then homeward do the Greekes prepare,
to wende in very daies.
And first to get the spoyle to shippes,
they forwarde doe procede,
Some now do rigge and tallope she,
the shippes that besten were:
With winde and raine, and other some,
the mighty masses doe reare,
Some scoure the gale, some tackels new,
some bitailes doe prepare,
And some full ready are to wende,
yet lacke they winde and tide:
The Gretian Princes them besette,
in midst of Prygian lande:
And wofull Troianes in the midst,
with wringing handes doe stande,
Before the ende of dolours all,
in sight there did appeare:
A manly knight in armour bright,
and did him selfe by reare.
And

The hystorie of
And spake these words vnto the hoste,
of Gretians fronte and strong :
You haue my knightes, within this lande,
remayned very long.
And now at length you haue repayde;
the Troians once their hire.
For not one stone on others left,
now all lies in the mire.
Therefore I say attende to me,
and answer quickly gine :
You knowe the mayde whose wedlocke I,
did craue when I did lye.
With that they all assented were,
and mused who should be :
The wight whose loue he did desire,
in his prosperitie.
At last, he to dissolue them from,
this feare that they were in :
And then a newe to prosecute,
this tale he doth beginne.
Achilles I your Champion olde,
that sometime was your King,
Nowe beinge deade yet do request,
of you but this one thing.

That

Astianax & Polixena

That Polixena may be mine,
and on my tombe be layne :
So shall your shippes retorne full safe,
unto your friendes agayne,
And losed be from long decay,
the which here they abyde :
With paynted pompe, and shall agayne,
bypon the salte seas abyde.
And more I will and doe commaunde,
that she to death be put :
And then your shippes shall losed be,
the coming seas to ent.
By Pyrrus hande I will that they
be layne, and then depart :
And then ye haue the Troianes payde,
after their owne desert.
This sayd, the earth did quake, & dottre,
to hell he did descende :
The Greekes his wordes so; to perforce,
do thorowly intende.
Then to their ships the Greekes do fle,
in posking wise amaine :
For weather faire did then appeare,
to bying them home agayne.

Vlisses

The hystorie of
Vlisses then, whose diuelish wiles,
were not farre of to seeke:
Did this procure, that Hectors sonne,
shoulde die in maner like.
Astianax that manly knight,
yet being but a childe:
Coude not forbear, he seeing that
from Troie he was exile.
But willingly his tender corps,
for countries soyle would beare:
Through all the route of Gretians strong,
which Vlisses did feare.
And practising to haue him slayne,
for feare he shoulde in ende:
Be able with an armie huge,
through Gretian lande to twende,
And then his children after him,
by force for to subdew:
And she destroy all Gretian lande,
as they had ouer threwe,
The Troian towne olde Illyon,
as men thereof may see:
Vlisses and Caulcas therefore,
hereon agreed be.

That

Asfianax & Polixena.

That Caulcas shall adiure and swear,
that one there must be slayne:
For whome the Greekes doe make delay,
and still in creeke remayne.
The night is past, the day is come,
auroraes beames do spred:
And now Caulcas that traytour olde,
doth ryse from drowlie bed.
And stands at altare thowt the Gods,
to offer sacrifice:
With soming month the Heyfer yong,
before the altare lies.
Such like as when a raging boze,
compass with any wight:
And stricken to the heart with thasse,
of force must lie byght.
And soming at his cruell month,
he wastles all in bayne:
The more he strues, the more increaseth,
his soze and grievous payne.
So lies the Heyfer yong before,
the altare of the Gods:
His breathing paunch is opened,
the bloud runs forth with clods.

Then

The hystorie of

Then crieth out the Prophet olde,
and sayth that needes must we :
Slay Hectors sonne, for loe the Gods,
with vs agriened be.
And nothing can appease their ire,
but onely sacrifice :
And therefore Astianax must be slayne,
I say in any wise.
Then straght from thence to seeke the boy
the Gretians doe them bie :
But for a time him for to finde,
the God doth them denie.
Till at the last that crafty King,
traynde vp with all discepte :
Did finde him out, as one that knewe,
the way him for to get.
At length when they obtayned had,
this pærelesse Princes childe :
To warde they doe commit the boy,
and eke the Aunte so milde.
Untill such time as poynted was,
by Caulcas traitour olde :
The which thing he before, within
his traytours head had solde.

Aurora

Astianax & Polixenn.

Aurora twice had shew'd his face,
and Tytan twice in Skies;
Hath shew'd his glistering beames frō out
the side where he doth rise.
And now the thirde to men is come,
whereof they did reioyce:
With mery notes the Mariners,
do sing with cherefull boyce.
At last this Hector pong of peares,
doth ioy, and hastes with spade:
Of cruel fate for to receiue,
his finall ende in deade.
Then strait the Greekes & Troianes runne
to place where he should die:
And who first at the place should be,
the Greekes and Troianes trie.
Some by the castle wall doe stande,
and some heape stones on hisie:
And some from top of Idamon,
do see where he shall lie.
Some gather stones, and pyles doe make,
thereon to stand and see:
Some other wepe at his ill fate,
appoynted so to be.

Some

The hystorie of
Some talke of Hectors valiantnesse,
Some come with him behinde:
Some that Vlasses necke were broke,
With both in heart and minde.
And still they stand and gaze vpon,
The olde and rotten tour:
And doe aspeere of Mars his stroke,
When that shall come the flour.
At length he comes that causer was,
Of Greekes so long delay:
And Greekes with Troianes all at once,
Lamen. that dolefull day.
The manly boy with manly heart,
Vnto his death doth goe:
And rolles about his tearfull eyes,
His friends and foes to knowe.
Vnto the top of Castle olde,
The Greekes and he doe wende:
And from the hiell topp thereof,
They downeward do him sende.
The tender corps of Princes bloude,
And Illyons onely toy:
In whome his hope did all consist,
For to repaire olde Troie,

Doth

Asfianax & Polixena.

Doth now in midst of Illyon towne,
lie quite dissolued of life;
The mourning now who can expresse,
of noble Hectors wife.
The Greekes lament his wofull hap,
with teares their eyes do flowe;
And eke how Troianes doe lament,
my pen can not forth shewe,
They howle, they weep, they mourne & cry
they wring their handes amayne:
To see how that the tender corps,
of that sweete Prince lies slayne.
At length the Greekes do downe descende,
Polixenaes death to see:
But Agamemnon in whome doth growe,
the branch of faire pitie,
Doth Greekes deny that they should see,
the fall of hir likewise:
And for the death of Hectors sonne,
the teares runne downe his eyes.
Then Pyrrus he with posting speade,
and Gretians all doe hie:
Unto the place where as Iouis,
Polixena must die.

B.J.

The

The hystorie of
The Gretians doe runne amaine,
and Troians be not slowe:
The company, the poynted place,
doe throng and ouerflowe.
The number was with wayling fillde,
to see so faire a wight:
In pitious wise for slaughter huge,
so cruelly to be dight.
At length they come, and Hellyn she,
doth beare the marriage brande:
Before she mayde, as manner was,
with stretched arme and hande.
The mayde with manly courage stout,
doth biewe the mighty trayne:
With sterne aspect, resoluing here
hir sight and there agayne.
With bended browes she biewes the host
of Gretians as she goes:
And yet for that with Tyndaris,
not one fote she doth lose.
But is as lussy in hir way,
as best of Gretians all:
No cruell dreade durst once assay,
within hir bones to fall.

And

Aslianax & Polixena.

And after hir in order comes,

Achilles onely some :

Which must the mayde on fathers tombe,
with swoorde quite thorow runne.

And Caulcas eke did after come,
but yet with slower pace :

The mayde before the rest she went,
whose glistering golden face,

Did quite excell the bright sunne beames,
of Phoebus fresh and faire :

Which good cause gaue the Gretian host,
vpon hir so to stare.

Hir comelie haire depending downe,
behinde hir head did shewe :

Hir perfect graces what they were,
in which she full did shewe.

Hir face as Roses fresh and swete,
did seeme that there were plaske :

Hir tender lips, hir body eke,
in kirtle being laske.

Hir fingers long and lylie white,
yea euen as the snowe :

Dame nature in Polixena,
hir power at once did shewe.

And

15. g.

Bo

The hystorie of
So parte of hir misshapen was,
but all full well bid grée:
Which caused of the Greekes to wepe,
hir cruell chaunce to see.
It would haue made a heart of flint,
to wepe or else to burne:
To see so faire a Lady die,
as one that was accursed.
Now is she come vnto the tombe,
of hie and stout Achil,
The Gretians all then of the Gods,
the blessed eares do fill.
With roarings and with cries also,
euen as a mother would:
When that euen now hir childe to die,
before hir see she should.
So do the Greekes and Troians all,
lament hir cruell fall:
And oft for help, but yet in payne,
vnto the Gods they call.
And then to top of tombe she goes,
and there as still doth stande:
As any lambe, which to be slayne,
the butcher hath in hande.

Then

Astianax & Polixena:

Then downe she knéeles & prayes **h** God,
and then both rise agayne:

And euery man to heare hir speake,
approch and are ful sapne.

Then thus to them at last she spake,
all feare now layde aside:

Leane of quoth she, I say you Greekes,
leane of your filthy pride.

The crowne of victorie the which,
you now triumphant beare:

For if you loke neuer so hie,
yet fortune both

To throwe you downe vnto the earth,
that erst she set on hie:

And yet **O** Troie I now soy much,
that I with thee must die.

I shall not wander into Greece,
nor as a slave piers:

We bound with chaines in prison strong,
as nowe the manner is.

But with my father and my friends,
shall here abyde I say:

Now welcome **O** thou death to me,
I soy to see this day.

With

The hystorie of
With that Achilles sonne,
pluckt forth his bloudy blade :
His pleasant corpe intending then,
by sworde for to invade.
Then lifting up his hande to strike,
he stayed in the blowe :
For cruell feare in quaking bones,
intangled had him so.
At length he quite desolued from feare,
doth hyde his sworde within :
His tender ribbes, his breathing blond,
~~his tender ribbes~~ he began to beginne.
And yet not dead, she talles as though,
the burden she would make :
Full heauy to Achilles, then,
there life she doth forsake.
And then the blond out of the wounde,
in breathing wise doth flowe :
Even as a flood out from the hills,
descending downe belowe.
Then all the shores is thorough compleat,
with weepings manifolde,
The Greekes they wepe his cruell fate,
on that wise to beholde.

From

Aslianax & Polixena.

**From thence they goe vnto their ships,
and homeward thinke to wende:
The ships be losde, and fate reuolued,
saire wthinde the Gods haue sende.
Then hoyle they sayle, away they goe
to see once Greece agayne:
And leauing Troie on soming
they ride and sayle adma**

FINIS. Iohn